

IN THE MIRROR OF WOMAN.

SPRING MILITARY.

Shows Which Way the Wind Blows.
NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—It is a strict relation of fashionable fashions just now to say that "stays show which way the wind blows"—stays, both coarse and fine, woven into the new model hats—all ready against the very earliest prepared breath of spring. If you really wish a new bit of headgear, and desire to typify that season known to the poets as spring lingering in the lap of winter, or to the calendar as February and early March, be sure to select something with a crown of velvet or satin felt and a brim of rough straw. That combination is considered the most perfect compromise between the past and the future months.

Instead of decking such a frame with purple violets, use white flowers. A black and white hat is the acme of good taste, until Lent gives us time for reflections on Easter combinations and the subtle gaieties of the genuine spring bonnet. So many white feathers are in evidence, but they are not half so popular as wreaths of pure white roses, poppies and above all white violets, that are actually selling by the pound. A quantity of green foliage is always mixed with the snowy blooms and somewhere, from their midst, springs up a tall or tiny knot of black or white ostrich tips, its exemplification of what has been said observe the pretty toque among the batch of sketches.

THE TRIUMPHANT TOQUE.
Toque is the future month, to be effectively done the wide hat facing, so the wide milliners say, and this is a new shape of toque. Its brim is straw and black, the crown of black velvet and its floral band all of white double poppies, to the rear of



A SPRING BONNET.

brim narrow, and folds upon the crown, to fasten by a pair of black hawk's wings and a handsome peaked hat.

A hat of this build is intended for wear right through the spring, as the other small toques, that is designed for morning use, and might easily be achieved by the most amateurish fingers. Its hard, round, low crown is a clear velvet felt, with a brim of black lace straw turning up from the head all around. In the rear this brim grows narrow and stands close against the crown, while in front a knot of white violets, over the left temple serves as a focal point for a small cascade of black ostrich tips. There is nothing difficult or expensive in a hat like that, so suitable as a crown for any young face and so inexpensively put together.

The shape is especially popular for morning shopping and church use, and as far as quality is consistent with the state of the weather and the use of the hat, young women deny themselves the use of veils. This is heroic, indeed, for few complexions can bear the cold sunlight's revelation, and few hands the playful breeze, but to go unveiled is the new, chic and Parisian thing to do, hence the amazing number of self-sacrificing disciples of the new order.

BRIDESMAIDS' HATS.

A model is given of the last revelation in the way of bridesmaids' headgear, and that is the name all wide hats now bear, as a bride's attendants are about the only persons who any longer use broad brims. It is also called the carriage hat, and its brim and half the crown are of exceedingly fine black chip—that is, an inch and a half of the brim is, the rest of it being made of a fluted form of black mousseline de soie. This brim, as nearly all do today, diminishes toward the back, and then about the slightly sugar-loaf crown a broad band of delicate black fabric is laid, folded in innumerable little up-turning plaits.

Under the brim and just behind the left ear a novel effect in decoration is the cluster of palest blue carnations, with fine sprays depending from the cluster. Another knot of them shows where the long



A BRIDESMAID'S HAT.

black laces fasten in and thus we have it, on good authority, since this hat comes from a Parisian maison of note, that no more brims will be turned up behind, but a comb of blossoms will rest against rear coils of hair.

All brims diminish, and yet more and more are trimmed to be heaped behind. One pretty thing in black chip has five big crush yellow roses clasping the crown in a circle's segment, the other stands up as airy puffing of accordion-plated mousseline de soie, and still over that a nodding group of white plumes. All this fastened above the crown in the rear, while in front both crown and brim are worn perfectly plain. None of these hats described are tipped over the eyes, that is, they are not to be worn on the crown, save for the plain walking John Bull shape, which are pushing into the place that the sturdy alpine shoe possessed. Rolling-brimmed John Bulls in brown palm-leaf, or the coarser quality of black and

cream Panama, and trim them with crown bands of ornamental straw braid, showing tufts of cock feathers and clipped algeettes to left and right.

STRINGS ARE IN.

From this time on little bonnets are to be worn on all occasions and every truly rich bonnet boasts a pair of strings. To a wealthy house and a pair of lace strings constitutes a full dress bonnet. Later on the milliners will begin to build about the crown of a rose and a pair of strings, that white lace strings are as fashionable as black ones and quite as smart as either are strings of narrow velvet ribbon. These may be tied to either side or directly under one's chin, or the two lace strings need not be drawn in a bow at all, but one tab end allowed to cross the other, and fasten with short jeweled, or pearl-beaded pins under either ear.

Even in this midseason of bonnets and outdoor station, the fashion is for details of dress crop out every day here and there. It is already pretty clearly defined that our spring ribbons will be pasted elegant and dotted with small wrinkles and flowers. Some of the latest patterns show a blending of colors in the variegated stripes on a prettily tinted background; a pink taffeta ribbon will be used in the same way as a black one. Black. Many hat ribbons of taffeta are edged with silk muslin and that in turn finished with a white satin selvage. A third type and novel ribbon is made in the shape of serpent scales, to shine with weird lights and varying tones like the back of a very lively chameleon.

Greenlines have all arrived, along with a new goods, to be largely used in making cool dress waists. This is a wide black chiffon, woven with broad black satin stripes and then broadened over the whole skeleton fern leaves and ghostly looking arabesque and iris blossoms. Another recent arrival for trimming gowns is a green velvet, or rather building is the pretty drawn velvet in the palest shades possible to imagine. This is a fabric almost as light as satin in weight, and it will be used in all the changing gleams in its very short pile.

A LACE REVIVAL.

Any one who is making up dancing and dinner dresses at this moment naturally orders them black and figured. Some of the latest patterns of changeable taffeta; this seems a sort of forerunner of a revival of entire gowns in black and white lace. All the gloves have black and white buttons, as time goes on. Huge disks of pearl appear on those for walking, while since close sleeves are in fashion again the long evening gowns are rapidly changing for the shorter. Critical taste demands that a white or pearl dancing mouseline shall close tight and smooth nearly up to the elbow. Above this it must wrinkle and be either in a heart pattern, without any buttons at all, is almost obsolete.

February brides are rejoicing in a novelty. This is a dainty bonnet, made of white tulle to pin far back on the head and serve as a point from which the veil falls. Some of the bonnets are made only of tulle, some of tulle and white ribbon, and some of tulle and white flowers, and where the bride is in luck her bonnet is almost a cap of jewels, from which cascades of unfastened tulle float over her shoulders. Another novel thing is a ribbon that is twisted round the waist a narrow sash of white satin, knotting it to the right side in front, and letting it fall to her knees on the left side.

MRS. GOULD'S NURSERY.

How Some Children of a Great Millionaire Are Taken Care Of.
The most completely equipped nursery in this country, if not in the world, is that in Mrs. Gould's home at Lakewood. "Nursery," more properly, for there are three with a baby in each, the two older children, James and John, having arrived at the mature ages of 11 and 9, graduated from the nursery proper at the advent of the last young Gould, a year ago or thereabouts. The latest arrival is named George after his father, and his is nursery No. 3, Nos. 1 and 2 being occupied respectively by Misses Marjory and Helen.

One of the principal equipments of a nursery—next to a baby—is a nurse, and this is the important equipment each of the three nurseries is provided; in addition, there is a trained nurse—the kind which lives a week and all expenses paid. She is the trained nurse, is employed as the commander-in-chief of the nursery army, that is, she is in charge of the children, and she is also called the carriage hat, and its brim and half the crown are of exceedingly fine black chip—that is, an inch and a half of the brim is, the rest of it being made of a fluted form of black mousseline de soie. This brim, as nearly all do today, diminishes toward the back, and then about the slightly sugar-loaf crown a broad band of delicate black fabric is laid, folded in innumerable little up-turning plaits.

Under the brim and just behind the left ear a novel effect in decoration is the cluster of palest blue carnations, with fine sprays depending from the cluster. Another knot of them shows where the long

brim narrow, and folds upon the crown, to fasten by a pair of black hawk's wings and a handsome peaked hat.

A hat of this build is intended for wear right through the spring, as the other small toques, that is designed for morning use, and might easily be achieved by the most amateurish fingers. Its hard, round, low crown is a clear velvet felt, with a brim of black lace straw turning up from the head all around. In the rear this brim grows narrow and stands close against the crown, while in front a knot of white violets, over the left temple serves as a focal point for a small cascade of black ostrich tips. There is nothing difficult or expensive in a hat like that, so suitable as a crown for any young face and so inexpensively put together.

The shape is especially popular for morning shopping and church use, and as far as quality is consistent with the state of the weather and the use of the hat, young women deny themselves the use of veils. This is heroic, indeed, for few complexions can bear the cold sunlight's revelation, and few hands the playful breeze, but to go unveiled is the new, chic and Parisian thing to do, hence the amazing number of self-sacrificing disciples of the new order.

BRIDESMAIDS' HATS.

A model is given of the last revelation in the way of bridesmaids' headgear, and that is the name all wide hats now bear, as a bride's attendants are about the only persons who any longer use broad brims. It is also called the carriage hat, and its brim and half the crown are of exceedingly fine black chip—that is, an inch and a half of the brim is, the rest of it being made of a fluted form of black mousseline de soie. This brim, as nearly all do today, diminishes toward the back, and then about the slightly sugar-loaf crown a broad band of delicate black fabric is laid, folded in innumerable little up-turning plaits.

Under the brim and just behind the left ear a novel effect in decoration is the cluster of palest blue carnations, with fine sprays depending from the cluster. Another knot of them shows where the long

brim narrow, and folds upon the crown, to fasten by a pair of black hawk's wings and a handsome peaked hat.

A hat of this build is intended for wear right through the spring, as the other small toques, that is designed for morning use, and might easily be achieved by the most amateurish fingers. Its hard, round, low crown is a clear velvet felt, with a brim of black lace straw turning up from the head all around. In the rear this brim grows narrow and stands close against the crown, while in front a knot of white violets, over the left temple serves as a focal point for a small cascade of black ostrich tips. There is nothing difficult or expensive in a hat like that, so suitable as a crown for any young face and so inexpensively put together.

The shape is especially popular for morning shopping and church use, and as far as quality is consistent with the state of the weather and the use of the hat, young women deny themselves the use of veils. This is heroic, indeed, for few complexions can bear the cold sunlight's revelation, and few hands the playful breeze, but to go unveiled is the new, chic and Parisian thing to do, hence the amazing number of self-sacrificing disciples of the new order.

Under the brim and just behind the left ear a novel effect in decoration is the cluster of palest blue carnations, with fine sprays depending from the cluster. Another knot of them shows where the long

brim narrow, and folds upon the crown, to fasten by a pair of black hawk's wings and a handsome peaked hat.

A hat of this build is intended for wear right through the spring, as the other small toques, that is designed for morning use, and might easily be achieved by the most amateurish fingers. Its hard, round, low crown is a clear velvet felt, with a brim of black lace straw turning up from the head all around. In the rear this brim grows narrow and stands close against the crown, while in front a knot of white violets, over the left temple serves as a focal point for a small cascade of black ostrich tips. There is nothing difficult or expensive in a hat like that, so suitable as a crown for any young face and so inexpensively put together.

The shape is especially popular for morning shopping and church use, and as far as quality is consistent with the state of the weather and the use of the hat, young women deny themselves the use of veils. This is heroic, indeed, for few complexions can bear the cold sunlight's revelation, and few hands the playful breeze, but to go unveiled is the new, chic and Parisian thing to do, hence the amazing number of self-sacrificing disciples of the new order.

heads merely—and if she had had, she would have a photograph in many ways superior to any professional work I have ever seen. She was an enthusiast, and she had the feeling for her work. She had not, of course, but you can see with anything else in life; but they were not of greater artistic abilities than your own, perhaps, and they did nothing disagreeable, nothing one could not do and remain a lady, and they have certainly made money, as well as reputation and pleasure out of their cameras.

A GORGEOUS FAN.
Howard Gould's Extravagant Present to His Finances.
Howard Gould is determined to eclipse by one mighty effort, the previous expenditures of young millionaires. His effort took form of a fan for his finances. Miss Katharine Clemmons, known in private life as Viola Dayan. Her mother lives at Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Clemmons resides most of the year in a very elegant little apartment in New York, fitted out with gifts brought for her from all quarters of the earth by young Howard Gould.

The fan which has attracted so much attention was executed modestly in Paris, where the artist who painted it, a young man of the name of Howard Gould, is a copy of the empire fans now so much carried up illustrations and advertising matter.

Then there were the guests at the hotel who were all waiting to be photographed singly or in groups, with some landmark as a background, and these pictures she sold by the dozen, like a professional, and at a specified price.

The second girl I knew who made a success with her camera had gone so far as to have a studio of her own in the city. She lives in the south, and she has made a specialty of negro types. She began taking negro children, found that on account of the dark skin the work was quite different from taking white people, and has gone steadily forward till she is well known in the photographic world.

She does not confine herself to comic subjects, nor pure-blooded Africans, but rather seeks the most beautiful models she can.

One of her plates, "A Madonna of the Tub," showing a handsome yellow woman who has turned from her washing in the picturesque "half barrel" tub to pick up and nurse her baby, sold recently for a high price.

The laundry work is going on as it frequently does in that section, "down by the beach." The little stream shows in the background, the big wash kettle in the foreground, piled up clothes, the handsome mother, and the pretty child make a picture any artist would be proud of.

She has never mounted her work in album, though I certainly think it would sell well that way. In her collection of ten pictures, under names like "Child Life in Black and White," "Unbleached Cotton," (ten studies of cotton pickers, from blooming young girls, and young women, to old men whose wool shames in whiteness the burning bolts they carry), and one which she is always sold out of, "Dusky Cherubs," showing cunning naked babies most quaintly pictured.

She makes a specialty, too, of large pictures, for framing and for portfolios, and, of course, she has now a large and expensive camera, but she began with one of the well-known makes of snap-shot machines, and she says she made it pay from the beginning.

The last girl I have to tell of is by no means the artist that either of these others is; but she is a bright business woman and she has done well.

She has a clientele among women who like to have their new dresses or some little new arrangement of their rooms photographed. She goes to their homes once in a while, and they keep her fairly busy.

Then she is a great lover of animals, has a faculty with them which amounts to positive genius, and she is in great demand to make photographs of these much-prized friends of man—and woman—who do not like to go to the regular photographer.

She used to take her camera, she tells me,

and go a little way out of town, stopping where she saw a pretty child, or where the house grounds were so extremely nice, or there was a fine dog or cat about, and showing her work in the line, ask if the owner would not like a photograph.

She says she seldom failed to find that they would. Children and pets are difficult things to get in the studio in good conditions, their motions too, are so much to photograph to make a single picture, while she would take a half dozen negatives in one morning.

Understand, these young women, none of them made success without trying. You cannot do that with a camera any more than you can with anything else in life; but they were not of greater artistic abilities than your own, perhaps, and they did nothing disagreeable, nothing one could not do and remain a lady, and they have certainly made money, as well as reputation and pleasure out of their cameras.

A GORGEOUS FAN.
Howard Gould's Extravagant Present to His Finances.
Howard Gould is determined to eclipse by one mighty effort, the previous expenditures of young millionaires. His effort took form of a fan for his finances. Miss Katharine Clemmons, known in private life as Viola Dayan. Her mother lives at Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Clemmons resides most of the year in a very elegant little apartment in New York, fitted out with gifts brought for her from all quarters of the earth by young Howard Gould.

The fan which has attracted so much attention was executed modestly in Paris, where the artist who painted it, a young man of the name of Howard Gould, is a copy of the empire fans now so much carried up illustrations and advertising matter.

Then there were the guests at the hotel who were all waiting to be photographed singly or in groups, with some landmark as a background, and these pictures she sold by the dozen, like a professional, and at a specified price.

The second girl I knew who made a success with her camera had gone so far as to have a studio of her own in the city. She lives in the south, and she has made a specialty of negro types. She began taking negro children, found that on account of the dark skin the work was quite different from taking white people, and has gone steadily forward till she is well known in the photographic world.

She does not confine herself to comic subjects, nor pure-blooded Africans, but rather seeks the most beautiful models she can.

One of her plates, "A Madonna of the Tub," showing a handsome yellow woman who has turned from her washing in the picturesque "half barrel" tub to pick up and nurse her baby, sold recently for a high price.

The laundry work is going on as it frequently does in that section, "down by the beach." The little stream shows in the background, the big wash kettle in the foreground, piled up clothes, the handsome mother, and the pretty child make a picture any artist would be proud of.

She has never mounted her work in album, though I certainly think it would sell well that way. In her collection of ten pictures, under names like "Child Life in Black and White," "Unbleached Cotton," (ten studies of cotton pickers, from blooming young girls, and young women, to old men whose wool shames in whiteness the burning bolts they carry), and one which she is always sold out of, "Dusky Cherubs," showing cunning naked babies most quaintly pictured.

She makes a specialty, too, of large pictures, for framing and for portfolios, and, of course, she has now a large and expensive camera, but she began with one of the well-known makes of snap-shot machines, and she says she made it pay from the beginning.

The last girl I have to tell of is by no means the artist that either of these others is; but she is a bright business woman and she has done well.

She has a clientele among women who like to have their new dresses or some little new arrangement of their rooms photographed. She goes to their homes once in a while, and they keep her fairly busy.

Then she is a great lover of animals, has a faculty with them which amounts to positive genius, and she is in great demand to make photographs of these much-prized friends of man—and woman—who do not like to go to the regular photographer.

and go a little way out of town, stopping where she saw a pretty child, or where the house grounds were so extremely nice, or there was a fine dog or cat about, and showing her work in the line, ask if the owner would not like a photograph.

She says she seldom failed to find that they would. Children and pets are difficult things to get in the studio in good conditions, their motions too, are so much to photograph to make a single picture, while she would take a half dozen negatives in one morning.

Understand, these young women, none of them made success without trying. You cannot do that with a camera any more than you can with anything else in life; but they were not of greater artistic abilities than your own, perhaps, and they did nothing disagreeable, nothing one could not do and remain a lady, and they have certainly made money, as well as reputation and pleasure out of their cameras.

A GORGEOUS FAN.
Howard Gould's Extravagant Present to His Finances.
Howard Gould is determined to eclipse by one mighty effort, the previous expenditures of young millionaires. His effort took form of a fan for his finances. Miss Katharine Clemmons, known in private life as Viola Dayan. Her mother lives at Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Clemmons resides most of the year in a very elegant little apartment in New York, fitted out with gifts brought for her from all quarters of the earth by young Howard Gould.

The fan which has attracted so much attention was executed modestly in Paris, where the artist who painted it, a young man of the name of Howard Gould, is a copy of the empire fans now so much carried up illustrations and advertising matter.

Then there were the guests at the hotel who were all waiting to be photographed singly or in groups, with some landmark as a background, and these pictures she sold by the dozen, like a professional, and at a specified price.

The second girl I knew who made a success with her camera had gone so far as to have a studio of her own in the city. She lives in the south, and she has made a specialty of negro types. She began taking negro children, found that on account of the dark skin the work was quite different from taking white people, and has gone steadily forward till she is well known in the photographic world.

She does not confine herself to comic subjects, nor pure-blooded Africans, but rather seeks the most beautiful models she can.

One of her plates, "A Madonna of the Tub," showing a handsome yellow woman who has turned from her washing in the picturesque "half barrel" tub to pick up and nurse her baby, sold recently for a high price.

The laundry work is going on as it frequently does in that section, "down by the beach." The little stream shows in the background, the big wash kettle in the foreground, piled up clothes, the handsome mother, and the pretty child make a picture any artist would be proud of.

She has never mounted her work in album, though I certainly think it would sell well that way. In her collection of ten pictures, under names like "Child Life in Black and White," "Unbleached Cotton," (ten studies of cotton pickers, from blooming young girls, and young women, to old men whose wool shames in whiteness the burning bolts they carry), and one which she is always sold out of, "Dusky Cherubs," showing cunning naked babies most quaintly pictured.

She makes a specialty, too, of large pictures, for framing and for portfolios, and, of course, she has now a large and expensive camera, but she began with one of the well-known makes of snap-shot machines, and she says she made it pay from the beginning.

The last girl I have to tell of is by no means the artist that either of these others is; but she is a bright business woman and she has done well.

She has a clientele among women who like to have their new dresses or some little new arrangement of their rooms photographed. She goes to their homes once in a while, and they keep her fairly busy.

Then she is a great lover of animals, has a faculty with them which amounts to positive genius, and she is in great demand to make photographs of these much-prized friends of man—and woman—who do not like to go to the regular photographer.

She used to take her camera, she tells me,

and go a little way out of town, stopping where she saw a pretty child, or where the house grounds were so extremely nice, or there was a fine dog or cat about, and showing her work in the line, ask if the owner would not like a photograph.

She says she seldom failed to find that they would. Children and pets are difficult things to get in the studio in good conditions, their motions too, are so much to photograph to make a single picture, while she would take a half dozen negatives in one morning.

Understand, these young women, none of them made success without trying. You cannot do that with a camera any more than you can with anything else in life; but they were not of greater artistic abilities than your own, perhaps, and they did nothing disagreeable, nothing one could not do and remain a lady, and they have certainly made money, as well as reputation and pleasure out of their cameras.

A GORGEOUS FAN.
Howard Gould's Extravagant Present to His Finances.
Howard Gould is determined to eclipse by one mighty effort, the previous expenditures of young millionaires. His effort took form of a fan for his finances. Miss Katharine Clemmons, known in private life as Viola Dayan. Her mother lives at Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Clemmons resides most of the year in a very elegant little apartment in New York, fitted out with gifts brought for her from all quarters of the earth by young Howard Gould.

The fan which has attracted so much attention was executed modestly in Paris, where the artist who painted it, a young man of the name of Howard Gould, is a copy of the empire fans now so much carried up illustrations and advertising matter.

Then there were the guests at the hotel who were all waiting to be photographed singly or in groups, with some landmark as a background, and these pictures she sold by the dozen, like a professional, and at a specified price.

The second girl I knew who made a success with her camera had gone so far as to have a studio of her own in the city. She lives in the south, and she has made a specialty of negro types. She began taking negro children, found that on account of the dark skin the work was quite different from taking white people, and has gone steadily forward till she is well known in the photographic world.

She does not confine herself to comic subjects, nor pure-blooded Africans, but rather seeks the most beautiful models she can.

One of her plates, "A Madonna of the Tub," showing a handsome yellow woman who has turned from her washing in the picturesque "half barrel" tub to pick up and nurse her baby, sold recently for a high price.

The laundry work is going on as it frequently does in that section, "down by the beach." The little stream shows in the background, the big wash kettle in the foreground, piled up clothes, the handsome mother, and the pretty child make a picture any artist would be proud of.

She has never mounted her work in album, though I certainly think it would sell well that way. In her collection of ten pictures, under names like "Child Life in Black and White," "Unbleached Cotton," (ten studies of cotton pickers, from blooming young girls, and young women, to old men whose wool shames in whiteness the burning bolts they carry), and one which she is always sold out of, "Dusky Cherubs," showing cunning naked babies most quaintly pictured.

She makes a specialty, too, of large pictures, for framing and for portfolios, and, of course, she has now a large and expensive camera, but she began with one of the well-known makes of snap-shot machines, and she says she made it pay from the beginning.

The last girl I have to tell of is by no means the artist that either of these others is; but she is a bright business woman and she has done well.

She has a clientele among women who like to have their new dresses or some little new arrangement of their rooms photographed. She goes to their homes once in a while, and they keep her fairly busy.

and go a little way out of town, stopping where she saw a pretty child, or where the house grounds were so extremely nice, or there was a fine dog or cat about, and showing her work in the line, ask if the owner would not like a photograph.

She says she seldom failed to find that they would. Children and pets are difficult things to get in the studio in good conditions, their motions too, are so much to photograph to make a single picture, while she would take a half dozen negatives in one morning.

Understand, these young women, none of them made success without trying. You cannot do that with a camera any more than you can with anything else in life; but they were not of greater artistic abilities than your own, perhaps, and they did nothing disagreeable, nothing one could not do and remain a lady, and they have certainly made money, as well as reputation and pleasure out of their cameras.

A GORGEOUS FAN.
Howard Gould's Extravagant Present to His Finances.
Howard Gould is determined to eclipse by one mighty effort, the previous expenditures of young millionaires. His effort took form of a fan for his finances. Miss Katharine Clemmons, known in private life as Viola Dayan. Her mother lives at Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Clemmons resides most of the year in a very elegant little apartment in New York, fitted out with gifts brought for her from all quarters of the earth by young Howard Gould.

The fan which has attracted so much attention was executed modestly in Paris, where the artist who painted it, a young man of the name of Howard Gould, is a copy of the empire fans now so much carried up illustrations and advertising matter.

Then there were the guests at the hotel who were all waiting to be photographed singly or in groups, with some landmark as a background, and these pictures she sold by the dozen, like a professional, and at a specified price.

The second girl I knew who made a success with her camera had gone so far as to have a studio of her own in the city. She lives in the south, and she has made a specialty of negro types. She began taking negro children, found that on account of the dark skin the work was quite different from taking white people, and has gone steadily forward till she is well known in the photographic world.

She does not confine herself to comic subjects, nor pure-blooded Africans, but rather seeks the most beautiful models she can.

One of her plates, "A Madonna of the Tub," showing a handsome yellow woman who has turned from her washing in the picturesque "half barrel" tub to pick up and nurse her baby, sold recently for a high price.

The laundry work is going on as it frequently does in that section, "down by the beach." The little stream shows in the background, the big wash kettle in the foreground, piled up clothes, the handsome mother, and the pretty child make a picture any artist would be proud of.

She has never mounted her work in album, though I certainly think it would sell well that way. In her collection of ten pictures, under names like "Child Life in Black and White," "Unbleached Cotton," (ten studies of cotton pickers, from blooming young girls, and young women, to old men whose wool shames in whiteness the burning bolts they carry), and one which she is always sold out of, "Dusky Cherubs," showing cunning naked babies most quaintly pictured.

She makes a specialty, too, of large pictures, for framing and for portfolios, and, of course, she has now a large and expensive camera, but she began with one of the well-known makes of snap-shot machines, and she says she made it pay from the beginning.

The last girl I have to tell of is by no means the artist that either of these others is; but she is a bright business woman and she has done well.

She has a clientele among women who like to have their new dresses or some little new arrangement of their rooms photographed. She goes to their homes once in a while, and they keep her fairly busy.

Then she is a great lover of animals, has a faculty with them which amounts to positive genius, and she is in great demand to make photographs of these much-prized friends of man—and woman—who do not like to go to the regular photographer.

She used to take her camera, she tells me,

and go a little way out of town, stopping where she saw a pretty child, or where the house grounds were so extremely nice, or there was a fine dog or cat about, and showing her work in the line, ask if the owner would not like a photograph.

She says she seldom failed to find that they would. Children and pets are difficult things to get in the studio in good conditions, their motions too, are so much to photograph to make a single picture, while she would take a half dozen negatives in one morning.

Understand, these young women, none of them made success without trying. You cannot do that with a camera any more than you can with anything else in life; but they were not of greater artistic abilities than your own, perhaps, and they did nothing disagreeable, nothing one could not do and remain a lady, and they have certainly made money, as well as reputation and pleasure out of their cameras.

A GORGEOUS FAN.
Howard Gould's Extravagant Present to His Finances.
Howard Gould is determined to eclipse by one mighty effort, the previous expenditures of young millionaires. His effort took form of a fan for his finances. Miss Katharine Clemmons, known in private life as Viola Dayan. Her mother lives at Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Clemmons resides most of the year in a very elegant little apartment in New York, fitted out with gifts brought for her from all quarters of the earth by young Howard Gould.